

The Frankfort Roundabout.

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JOHN E. KIRTLEY.

GEO. C. HUGHES.

KIRTLEY & HUGHES,

(Successors to A. H. WAGGONER.)

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KIRTLEY & HUGHES.

Original Tobacco-Thoughts.

Having reference from topping time until stripping time.

BY DIAMOND P. BENTLEY.

Now the green tobacco fields are in the flowery bloom.
And purple flowers cover the plants with her blooms.
Where the purple flowers sink beneath the dew's weight.
And the golden striped-tobacco-fly lays and never waits.
Where the golden sunlight rolls sparkling dew at night.
And the green-tintured worm is still on the bite.
Where the green tobacco-worm goes into the ground.
And soon a fly in the purple twilight all around.
Where the golden striped-fly slips jumpson flowers so true.
Which is never a flower until falling rain or dew.
Where the golden striped-fly never lays in sunshine or dark.
When the purple twilight rolls her darkness they fly under bark.
Where the green tobacco-leaves are dipped with silvery dew.
And the starry Heavens are hid from the skies of blue.
Where the evening-star raises green tobacco leaves at bay.
And the morning star brings golden sun to wilt that day.
Where the purple rainbow is pictured with silver drops.
And then green tobacco-worm loves to bite, and never stops.
Where the green tobacco leaves are dipped from the dew of the moonlight.
And the green leaves wilt from the unstarred dew of starlight.
Where the golden sunlight sparkles betwixt tobacco rows.
And the white, and golden clouds flash as the wind blows.
Where the noontide sun makes green tobacco-leaves bow.
And the winds and clouds fan the laborer's brow.
Where the beaming sun colors green tobacco like gold.
And the green tobacco-worm stops biting so bold.
Where the golden leaf is in the burn the worm is not asleep.
When the purple Heaven blows her freezing breath, worms will weep.
Where tobacco barns have rolled in her fiery flames at night.
Silphoid agents often thought it was a bite.
Where sound-headed agents have canceled the policy-right.
The golden leaves will never roll in the fiery flames at night.

Communicated.

HARP, Ky., July 27, 1887.

Editor Roundabout:

In your issue of 23d inst. is a communication from Mr. John E. Miles, who announces himself to be quietly rustivating near Jett Station. Whilst his brow is being fanned by the gentle vesper breezes and his pleasant retreat in the cool hall rendered him at ease with himself, a calm quietness overcomes him and allows him to draw in the wanderings of his busy

mind. Thus pleasantly situated he indulges in a few reveries of the passing time. One would naturally suppose, from the surroundings described, that all bitter feeling and rancor would be suppressed and expressions of animosity be held in abeyance.

So fearful was Mr. M. that this kind, pleasant feeling, into which he had been ushered, would not be appreciated, he prefaces his letter with the remark, "I hope no one will take offense, for none is meant." We accept Mr. M.'s statement that no offense is meant and what he has said is but the reflections of a mind once distracted and confused over a rigid railroad canvass, but now after the first flush of victory has passed and the smoke of the battle no longer obscures the horizon and the second sober thoughts have resumed their natural sway, quiet and calm with good will for all.

Accepting his own statement of good will and freedom from desire to offend, let us, in the same spirit, analyze and traverse his letter of the 23d.

Mr. M., in beginning his communication, failed to look one grand thought square in the face, namely: "There are two sides to every question, and each man has the right to think and reason upon the subject for himself." The whole tenor of his reasoning is a great big, straight I, and a little bit of a crooked u.

The questions as presented by Mr. M. were all discussed and intelligently discussed by and among the citizens of Benson, Bald Knob, Flat Creek and Peak's Mill, probably a good while before that worthy gentleman thought of them.

They have not sprung Minerva-like, from the mighty Jupiter's brain as he fain would have us believe.

And nothing would be said now in reply, were it not that he has allowed statements to creep into his letter that are not only discreditable to himself but casting a

slur on a people as warm, generous and as highly cultured as himself or his peers, at which we cannot take offense as none was meant." We will not review any of the arguments of the railroad question either pro or con. That is settled.

Not a man in the precincts named, and that have incurred the gentleman's displeasure under the guise "of no offense," but what realizes the importance of upholding his own interest by aiding his county by taxation or otherwise. That people, State, county or city, whose multiplied interests are unified for the promotion of the general welfare are the most prosperous and happy.

The prosperity of communities differ in relation to their topography. While the same intelligence and industry may characterize the one as does the other, surrounding circumstances vary the results.

This is particularly true of Franklin county. One portion of the county has a very fertile soil, comparatively level and is easily cultivated, while the other is hilly, soil thin, and very difficult to cultivate. Where would one expect to find the greatest accumulation of wealth, and consequently greater amount of revenue for county purposes? Yet Mr. M. seems to think it very grievous that Bald Knob only pays \$1,500 per year into the public coffers and the rich districts so much more. Ah! the three precincts, Bald Knob, Benson and Peak's Mill received, in 1886, \$16,000 in the way of improvement and this thought so disturbs the equanimity of the gentleman's "calm thoughts" that he exclaims with injured innocence "why object to our using \$150,000 of the public money?"

The three precincts mentioned are fifty years old, and have been paying their proportion of public dues in all that time. For fifty years they existed without turnpikes and without public improvement of any kind, while other

portions of the county were being developed, absorbing all the public funds. All appeals for help in these precincts were utterly ignored until all the best portions were aided all they wanted.

Then some one in Frankfort began to realize the great value of the hilly country and turnpikes were built reaching out into them, and these pikes, although not one of them is completed, have brought to the trade of Frankfort from fifteen to twenty thousand dollars worth of produce annually from each precinct.

Now the advantages and benefits derived from these roads have been as great to the city of Frankfort as to the districts through which they run. We all feel and know their value and would not be deprived of them by any means. But if the business men of Frankfort want \$150,000 of the public money every time we are allowed a pike, by all means we will do without the pike.

Mr. M. says "we pay three-fifths of the tax of the county." Directly they do, indirectly they do not. Did not the farmers of the county, by their labor and sweat, support the trade of Frankfort the merchants would not be able to pay any tax.

The merchant, as a middle-man, is a non-producer. He is a convenience but not a necessity.

Non-producers pay no tax of themselves, only as they receive it from others.

The farmer is compelled to trade with a merchant and allow him a sufficient profit to meet the wants of himself and family and pay his taxes, while he must pay his tax from what is left after deducting merchant's profits.

So take away Benson, Bald Knob, Peak's Mill and the other precincts that cast their vote against the railroad, Frankfort would cease to pay tax or be a city.

We think it utterly useless to cast any bitter reflection upon Frankfort for her part in the work

of the 6th of July. Nor do we do so now. The unjust aspersion heaped upon us, because of our opposition to the railroad, the indecent fling made by some for our lack of educational facilities, and this last attack upon us for our poverty asks a hearing at your hands.

Mr. M. thought the railroad cause so righteous that he does not hesitate to tell us in the columns of the ROUNDABOUT, that he used his money to corrupt those who would not heed his specious arguments. He told us if we did not vote for the road he would move his mill from Frankfort, and the large vote against the road had in view the idea that if the railroad failed Miles would go, and all hoped the road would fail.

So we think he is not the one to villify or condemn us for any part taken by us in the matter. The very men he condemns are the men who have made him what he is.

J. C. WILSON.

Phew! Aint it hot.

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